

(4)  
A

DIALOGUE,

AND

Secular Masque,

IN THE

PILGRIM.

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Written by the Late Famous  
Mr. *DRYDEN*.

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L O N D O N:

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SECRETARY

PILGRIM

WINTER OF THE YEAR  
1871

NOTED FOR THE YEAR  
1871

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T H E

# Secular Masque.

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Written by Mr. *D R Y D E N*.

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*Enter Janus.*

*Janus.* **C** *Hronos, Chronos, mend thy Pace,*  
*An hundred times the rowling Sun*  
*Around the Radiant Belt has run*  
*In his revolving Race.*  
*Behold, behold, the Goal in fight,*  
*Spread thy Fans, and wing thy flight.*

B

*Enter*



*Enter Chronos, with a Scythe in his hand,  
and a great Globe on his Back, which he  
sets down at his entrance.*

*Chronos.* Weary, weary of my weight,  
Let me, let me drop my Freight,  
And leave the World behind.

I could not bear  
Another Year  
The Load of Human-kind.

*Enter Momus Laughing.*

*Momus.* Ha! ha! ha! Ha! ha! ha! well hast thou done;  
To lay down thy Pack,  
And lighten thy Back,  
The World was a Fool, e'er since it begun,

And



And since neither *Janus*, nor *Chronus*, nor I,

Can hinder the Crimes,

Or mend the Bad Times,

'Tis better to Laugh than to Cry.

Co. of all 3. 'Tis better to Laugh than to Cry.

*Janus*. Since *Momus* comes to laugh below,

Old Time begin the Show,

That he may see, in every Scene,

What Changes in this Age have been,

*Chronos*. Then Goddess of the Silver Bow begin.

*Horns, or Hunting-Musique within.*

*Enter Diana.*

*Diana*. With Horns and with Hounds I waken the Day.

And hye to my Woodland walks away;

I tuck up my Robe, and am buskin'd soon,

And tye to my Forehead a waxing Moon.

I course the fleet Stagg, unkennel the Fox,  
 And chase the wild Goats o'er summits of Rocks,  
 With shouting and hooting we pierce thro' the Sky;  
 And Eccho turns Hunter, and doubles the Cry.

Cho. of all. *With shouting and hooting, we pierce through the Skie,  
 And Eccho turns Hunter, and doubles the Cry.*

Janus. Then our Age was in it's Prime,

Chronos. Free from Rage.

Diana. ——— And free from Crime.

Momus. A very Merry, Dancing, Drinking,  
 Laughing, Quaffing, and unthinking Time.

Cho. of all. *Then our Age was in it's Prime,  
 Free from Rage, and free from Crime,  
 A very Merry, Dancing, Drinking,  
 Laughing, Quaffing, and unthinking Time.*

*Dance of Diana's Attendants.*

*Enter*



*Enter Mars.*

*Mars.* Inspire the Vocal Brass, Inspire ;  
The World is past its Infant Age :

Arms and Honour,

Arms and Honour,

Set the Martial Mind on Fire,

And kindle Manly Rage.

*Mars* has lookt the Sky to Red ;

And Peace, the Lazy Good, is fled.

Plenty, Peace, and Pleasure fly ;

The Sprightly Green

In *Woodland-Walks*, no more is seen ;

The Sprightly Green, has drunk the *Tyrian Dye*.

*Cho of all.* Plenty, Peace, &c.

C

*Mars*



*Mars.* Sound the Trumpet, Beat the Drum,  
Through all the World around ;  
Sound a Reveille, Sound, Sound, *Sound*,  
The Warrior God is come.

*Cho. of all.* Sound the Trumpet, &c.

*Momus.* Thy Sword within the Scabbard keep,  
And let Mankind agree ;  
Better the World were fast asleep,  
Than kept awake by Thee.  
The Fools are only thinner,  
With all our Cost and Care ;  
But neither side a winner,  
For Things are as they were.

*Cho. of all.* The Fools are only, &c.

*Enter*

*Enter Venus.*

*Venus.* Calms appear, when Storms are past ;  
 Love will have his Hour at last :  
 Nature is my kindly Care ;  
*Mars* destroys , and I repair ;  
 Take me, take me, while you may,  
*Venus* comes not ev'ry Day.

*Cho.of all.* Take her, take her, &c.

*Chronos.* The World was then so light,  
 I scarcely felt the Weight ;  
 Joy rul'd the Day, and Love the Night.  
 But since the Queen of Pleasure left the Ground,  
     I faint, I lag,  
     And feebly drag  
 The pond'rous Orb around.

*Momus*



*Momus.* All, all, of a piece throughout ;  
*Pointing } Thy Chase had a Beast in View ;*  
*to Diana. }*  
*to Mars.* Thy Wars brought nothing about ;  
*to Venus.* Thy Lovers were all untrue.  
*Janus.* 'Tis well an Old Age is out,  
*Chro.* And time to begin a New.

*Cho. of all.* All, all, of a piece throughout ;  
 Thy Chase had a Beast in View ;  
 Thy Wars brought nothing about ;  
 Thy Lovers were all untrue.  
 'Tis well an Old Age is out,  
 And time to begin a New.

Dance of Huntsmen, Nymphs,  
 Warriours and Lovers.

SONG



SONG of a *Scholar* and his *Mistress*,  
 who being Cross'd by their Friends,  
 fell Mad for one another; and now  
 first meet in *Bedlam*.

---

*Written by Mr. DRYDEN.*

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[Musick within.]

[*The Lovers enter at Opposite Doors, each held  
 by a Keeper.*]

*Phillis.*

**L**ook, look, I see--- I see my Love appear:  
       'Tis he---- 'Tis he alone;  
       For, like him, there is none:  
       'Tis the dear, dear Man, 'tis thee, Dear.

D

*Amyntas.*

*Amyntas.* Hark ! the Winds War ;  
 The foamy Waves roar ;  
 I see a Ship afar,  
 Tossing and Tossing, and making to the Shoar :  
 But what's that I View,  
 So Radiant of Hue ,  
 St. *Hermo*, St. *Hermo*, that sits upon the Sails ?  
 Ah ! No, no, no.  
 St. *Hermo*, Never, never shone so bright ;  
 'Tis *Phillis*, only *Phillis*, can shoot so fair a Light :  
 'Tis *Phillis*, 'tis *Phillis*, that saves the Ship alone,  
 For all the Winds are hush'd, and the Storm is over-  
 [blown,

*Phillis.* Let me go, let me run, let me fly to his Arms.

*Amyntas.*



*Amyntas.* If all the Fates combine,

And all the Furies join, [Charm.

I'll force my way to *Phillis*, and break through the

[*Here they break from their Keepers ; run to  
each other, and embrace.*]

*Phillis.* Shall I Marry the Man I love ?

And shall I conclude my Pains ?

Now blest be the Powers above,

I feel the Blood bound in my Veins ;

With a lively Leap it began to move,

And the Vapours leave my Brains.

*Amyntas.* Body join'd to Body, and Heart join'd to Heart,

To make sure of the Cure ;

Go call the Man in Black, to mumble o're his part.

*Phillis.*



*Phillis.* But suppose he should stay----

*Amyntas.* At worst if he delay ;

'Tis a Work must be done ;

We'll borrow but a Day,

And the better the sooner begun.

**C H O R U S** of Both.

*At worst if he delay, &c.*

[They run out together hand in hand.

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**F I N I S.**